

SORIN CERIN



The Stranger Subconscious of the Absolute Truth

Philosophical poems

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2018

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Manufactured in the United States of America

ISBN-13:
978-1984185969

ISBN-10:
1984185969

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This book have been published also in Romanian language
in the United States of America

ISBN-13: 978-1540445520

ISBN-10: 1540445526

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**Critical appreciations about the
poetry of meditation**

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

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One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether

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biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated -

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pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing

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(the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

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So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

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**PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist
poet of the 21st Century**

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated

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rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

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And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that "weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another

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topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

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The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppcase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be

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born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb
without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, /
... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true
Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks
of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage
of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense,
nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and
more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation
contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in
words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the
"word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as
and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as
the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is
forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically
collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of
certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of
Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool
of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words
lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of
brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual,
grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of
the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of
meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the
originality resentful word combinations, which give free

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course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

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It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

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Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ...".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

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The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

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Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

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fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary

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to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the

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audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of

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creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence"

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has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

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Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author

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to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. The Vices of the Luck

How much Truth, can contain,
a Creation of Illusion,
which has made itself, from the halter of Reality,
its own gallows,
of Primordial Words ?,
left to languish,
at the lame table of Destiny,
who has lost his,
the foot of Dimensional Landmarks,
among the twisted labyrinths,
by the Vices of the Luck,
blind and frivolous,
drowned in his own verbal obscenity,
caught in the claws of the Helplessness,
of to defend itself,
on the wrinkled face of Happiness.

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2. The Soul of Perfection

The day broke a corner from the bread of the Sunrise,
for to eat it on the run,
knowing that is late at the meeting with the Horizon,
programmed before the total disappearance of the Night,
from the Hearts of sparrows of Moments,
which, they startle exalted,
at the feeling of the crumbs,
fallen from the white and frozen palms,
of the Clouds of Thoughts,
which only now have realized,
how alone they will remain,
without the intimacy of Darkness,
which found them again,
the Stranger Subconscious,
from a Self,
who would not have thought it belonged to them,
never,
because only in Darkness,
The Divine Light,
really shines,
being a road opener,
of the Breath of the Absolute Truth,
from the Soul of Perfection.

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3. They give birth to a parallel World

The builders of nocturnal Nightmares,
of the Primordial Word,
have conquered new Passions,
whose Boundlessness,
is mixed with splashes of Absurd,
which fall from the Rains, of Empty Words,
milked from the bosom of childbed of the Illusions of Life,
for to be leavened,
new architectural edifices of some Destinies,
so foreign,
to the Stranger, Subconscious,
that they give birth to a parallel World,
of the Death by ourselves.

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4. Which, they put mastery

The Thorns of the Air of Consciousness,
on which the wings of Destinies rise,
are intertwined,
in the crowns, of Dreams,
as attractive as possible,
for the Souls,
whose Moments will bleed,
pierced by the peaks,
sharp and perfidious, of theirs,
for to determine them,
to be as obedient as possible,
with the Illusions of Life,
which, they put mastery,
even on Death.

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5. In the mire of a Blood of Knowledge

Earthquakes of Dreams,
break the deep and gloomy echoes,
of Constructions of Illusions of Life,
which crumble,
at the feet of the ruins of a Time,
which can no longer support them,
naughtiness and frivolity,
of the Consciousness,
which has washed its dirty feet,
by, the mire of a Blood of Knowledge,
which has reddened, the wasteland of the Sunset
with its desperate wails,
of to call the Brothel of Moments,
back from the Feast of Death ,
where have washed their faces of the Original Sins,
with the Pure and Crystalline Water,
what flows through the veins,
of the Stranger, Subconscious
of the Absolute Truth,
from us.

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6. Existential bruises

The Bells of the Absurd,
begin to beat the bloody Hearts of the Words,
which have chosen to die once with the Day,
whose Memory,
it will be lost
in the Dust of Stars,
what stifles Time,
from the Souls of Contemplations,
where it no longer dwells,
not even a Zodiac of Destiny,
which would raise them,
from the painful fall,
off the shoulders of the Horizon,
full of existential bruises,
on which many Dreams,
would like to heal them,
desiring
to wash them in the Water of the Healing Hope,
what flows deep,
in the Eternity of Death.

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7. The Musicians of Consciences

The Loneliness,
is the schoolbook of the Hopes,
defeated by a Past, passionate,
on which neither a Moment,
no longer wants him as husband,
at the wedding of the Eternity with Time,
where, it throws,
with dice, rigged,
of Illusions of Life,
at the head of the table,
where lies the Vanity,
which makes the games of Existence,
ready to pay, however much,
to the Musicians, of, Consciences,
from the pierced and bloody Hearts of the Words,
which sing,
on tonalities,
increasingly unsynchronized and strident,
the aria of Death.

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8. The Heaven Blue of Methyl

The Works of Consciences, have fallen asleep,
once with the Wrinkles of Words,
aged and senile,
which trembles after the youthfulness of Knowledge,
on which, would not have understood it,
beyond the Moment of Birth of World,
who has devastated the incarnate Souls,
in her poisoned Blood,
with the Heaven Blue of Methyl,
what anoints the throat of Hope,
through which breathes the Purity of Absolute,
the Stranger, Subconscious,
of the Universe from us,
for not to do,
parasites of harmful Nightmares,
such as Illusions of Life,
what have gnawed the roots of Truth and Happiness,
until when remain,
only crumbs of Death,
good as spiritual food,
for the Society of Consumption,
Stupidities.

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9. On the hot grill of Freedom

The Brothel, of, Consciences, of the World ,
makes discounts on Empty Words,
and Hierarchies,
in the Society, of Consumed
lack of Scruples, seasoned,
with Intellectual fakes,
only good of put,
on the hot grill of Freedom,
which has harnessed, the lost Moments,
on the saddle of the Indifference of some Genes,
who have lost their stability and workplace,
programmed by Existence,
to be in the Blood of a Life,
of lost Souls,
stray through the shabby Fairs,
of Illusions of Life,
who still believe and now,
that the greatest delight,
for which it is worthwhile to you exist,
would Not Be,
the Death.

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10. How can you kill Truths

The lands of the World,
have no longer dressed, of a long time,
the atmosphere burned by the lit coals
of the Happiness,
what sizzle the flesh of the locomotives, of, Passions,
of Moments,
from the Gala of the Years,
of the Crimes of Honor,
because they have taken the overalls of the all-days
Dreams,
where a Murder of Truths,
has become so normal,
that, even and the Society of Consumption, has adapted
quickly,
by putting on sale,
through all the press of dead and embalmed Words,
of whole editorial columns,
about how can you kill,
Truths.

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11. The delight of Vanity

The letters marked,
with the reddened iron of Destiny,
they stand frozen on the Icons of Happiness,
forming Meanings obedient to the Absurd,
in order not to be entangled and lost,
by the Illusions of Life,
then when they want to give taste,
to the Primordial Word of Existence,
on which they prepare him,
for the feelings,
the most extravagant of Death,
what wants as always the consumption, to be served to her,
by the Eternity,
on whose tray is always,
the scepter of the Absolute Truth,
which thanks him,
that, has managed to save the Souls,
what were to be embalmed,
by the skilled hands of Nightmares,
for the delight of Vanity.

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12. Is hiding after the Battlements of the Existence

Time is hiding,
after the Battlements of the Existence,
for to not be stolen to him, the Future,
which pulls him,
after the Wisdom Tooth, carious,
what lying,
of the Conscience,
whose Falling Stars,
has extracted it at the dental office of the Destiny,
where they are lost in the darkness of the Nothingness,
that Everything,
depends on the strength of character,
of the harnesses from the Glances,
that draw each other,
dislocating the shaky flesh of the Days,
in favor of the Eternity,
of the Death.

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13. Since when she conceived him

We feed with crumbs of Smiles,
thrown at the rubbish bin of the Abundance,
of some Illusions of Life,
which maintain the service of deratization, of the
Sentiments,
in the most perfect order of the Hazard,
controlled by a Destiny,
forsaken by himself,
who wants at all costs to show to the Eternity,
how strong it is,
despite the capricious Existence,
who replaced him from the helm of Happiness,
with a Death,
what was indebted to him,
since when she conceived him.

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14. The playing cards of Feelings

How much Happiness was,
in the playing cards of Feelings,
that they won,
all the Games of the Illusions of Life,
on which the Death has guessed them,
while serving,
with the best dishes of the Days,
cooked with so much meticulousness,
by the Destiny,
upset and humiliated,
that he has not even received an Appreciation,
from the confused Existence,
who conceived him,
for to be a submissive servant,
whose tray, full of the silver of Greed,
to be always carried,
to the Consumption Society,
starved by Absurd.

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15. The Stranger, Subconscious, of the Absolute Truth

The existential petals of wilted Consciences,
fall on the carpet of Feelings,
on which it walks,
the Forehead of Spiritual Energies,
what belongs,
to the Stranger, Subconscious,
of the Absolute Truth,
from the Heart of the Word,
in which we have made us a Future,
believing in his own Destiny,
what has suddenly become,
shattered by the Divine Comma,
on which we would not have thought we would find it,
so messed up,
by, its own purpose,
that it gave us courage,

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to we build her the Churches of Questions,
where to lay our frozen knees,
of so many Rebellions,
that we started,
to we ask us,
if we are not the Holy Fathers of Love,
from the Icons, Makers of Miracles,
to which it prays,
frozen,
the Death?

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16. The Hate of a hostile Heaven

How many Charms,
would not have been saved,
by the sound of the Ocean of the Tear of Hopes,
of the deserted Shore from the Fair of Existence,
through, the Happiness,
which turned our backs at the Steps of the Doubts,
from the Hearts that beat us the Fate,
together,
that they became themselves,
ironed,
by, the Hate of a hostile Heaven,
under which neither the Stranger, Subconscious,
from the Flowers of our Smiles,
could no longer exist,
leaving us prey,
to the Separation,
by ourselves.

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17. Without Compromise

Frozen by cold,
the Destiny sheltered beside a hot Moment,
which not even,
did not notice his presence,
until when the Death,
did not scolded him that was late,
at the festive meal of Time,
who celebrated the Day of the Passing,
with pomp and cheerfulness,
on the bloody pavement of a Sunset,
which has cut off his veins,
of Cemeteries of Memories,
what they still flowed among Hopes,
wanting to save themselves,
only through the Eternity,
without Compromise,
of the Death.

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**18. The currency of exchange, of Human
Condition**

The crucified Freedom of the Hopes,
is sold, on,
as few as possible Saviors,
what have become,
the currency of exchange,
of Human Condition,
which flowed, bad smelling
through the canals full of manures,
of some Primordial Words,
what they did not understand,
the holiness of the Good Sense,
of the Silence,
which,
although,
has not built its Churches or Consumption Societies,
has succeeded in becoming through her own Self,
a Temple of Salvation,
digging, deep,
in Death.

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19. Which carve the face in stone

Reproaches,
scratched on the cold sand of the Hourglass,
from the Dawn of some Thoughts,
who seem to be arguing,
with the sea from the lost Glances,
of the Waves of some Words,
which carve the face in stone,
of the Endlessness,
lost in the broken wings of Hope,
from the Heart of a Horizon of Nobody,
which barely succeeds,
to sculpt the portrait of the Day,
on which and always will remember it,
as being the payment,
on which it did at the Death,
for to exist in the Eternity of the Moment,
in which was hidden,
the Love,
what will not find it,
Never.

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20. At the term of the ephemeral Time

The strings, out of tune, of Dreams,
of the Factor Unique Creator and, Incidentally,
sing to the Existence of some parallel Universes,
the Years of Light,
which separate,
The Lie by the Truth,
for to give birth to Suffering,
to a World gilded with Illusions,
on which only the Life,
bound at the eyes of oceans of Tears,
they still can understand them, the Meaning
oppressed, of the Falling Stars,
on the sky of the Stranger, Subconscious
of the Eternity,
who awaits us,
at the term, of the ephemeral Time,
of the Death.

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21. The Society of Consumption, Extravagances

The meat of the Meanings,
is appreciated on the grills, where burn Questions,
whose Answers lie behind the bars of Conscience,
imprisoned by the Illusions of Life,
in order not to reveal the Absolute of Creation,
from the Blood poisoned by nothings and Empty Words,
of the Words,
accommodated in the Brothel of Knowledge,
where the strident and frightening advertisements,
of the Future,
shows how concrete the Sense of the Death can be,
in a World of the Society of Consumption,
Extravagances.

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22. We must recognize

The Delights of Relative Truths,
which do not fit,
at no Feast of the Happiness,
are created after the immoral pattern,
of Churches of Consciences,
whose Holy Fathers,
the Good and Evil,
of the Awareness of Self,
should have been incarcerated long ago,
for the wrongdoing committed,
through, their Existences of story,
without which,
we must recognize,
would not have existed,
neither Knowledge,
and nor Death.

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23. Established program of Exact Time

The waterfalls of Wrinkles flow noisy,
in the sea of some Moments,
torn by the marshes of the Forgetfulness
fallen in the disgrace of Cemeteries,
which flow through the veins of some Memories,
what they no longer remember,
no Step from the dance of the Days,
at whose soles,
they fell in the knees of the timid Glances,
who barely have learned to stand up, shyly,
at the height of the heels of some Expectations,
disturbed,
by the impatient Time behind the curtain,
which has impelled them,
to they move faster,
because the scene of Life,
had a well established program,
of Exact Time,
of the Death.

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24. To the surface of the Absolute Truth

The Freedom rusty,
of the wild beasts,
from the Souls torn by Uncertainty,
cold and insensitive,
only good for making tools of torture,
for the assiduous work of the Consciences,
sweaty by the Tears of the Falling Stars,
whose Helplessness in the face of eternity,
are hit by the Duties they have,
with the fog of the Words,
which disappear sick of Meanings,
in the troubled depths of the Illusions of Life,
where neither a Knowledge,
has not succeeded ever,
to swim,
to get to the surface,
of the Absolute Truth,
of the Death.

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25. The manger of Savior

I believe in the Enmity,
who banished the Fallen Angels,
from the Heavens of the Stranger, Subconsciously
the only one who breathes for us,
the Absolute Truth,
of the Eternity of the Moment,
for which we were born the Death,
of the Illusions of Life,
what awaits us,
with the eternity of perfection,
without Compromise,
of the Existence,
in whose mud,
we have trampled us the true Meaning of Life,
in the legs dirty,
by the Obligatory Original Sins,
of a Destiny,
to whom they put the Glasses of horse,
what he seems not to leave, never
the manger, of Savior,
of the roads without return
toward Death.

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26. Without ever knowing

The World has become a Mutant,
which germinates in the hybrid state,
in the Waters of Illusions of Life,
always in danger of being broken,
who were pregnant,
with our Destinies,
being played at the roulette of the Despair,
for to be born,
at the Motherhood of Unconsciousness,
from where they will shout,
their whole Life,
without ever knowing,
that they actually screamed after Death,
even if they always invoke Happiness,
whose solar spectrum,
will always be lost,
in the Shadow for which it was destined,
the Being and her Becoming,
as Dimension of Suffering,
becoming a payment currency,
for the Society of Consumption,
of the Original Sin.

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27. On the Blind Path

The Walls of Sentimental Cancer,
have become the fortresses of the Days,
strewn on the Blind Path of Dignity,
of the Awarenesses,
whose architecture,
cut the breath,
of the Streets lost in the pockets full of Phantasms,
of the Time,
built on the mire of the Primordial Word,
whose bricks,
have been omitted from the beginning of Creation.

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28. To press

The time
became,
a form of obedience,
on which the existential hostility of the Hierarchy,
uses her to polish,
the Wrinkles of the old age, of Empty Words,
of Illusions of Life,
which roll over Creation,
for to press the asphalt of Thoughts,
on which it will tread hard and pressed,
the Death.

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29. Existential barrier

The Stars of Luck,
have grizzled,
in the waiting room of Happiness,
which does not let them pass,
by the existential barrier of Vanity,
because they can not be taken into account,
by the Eternity, which desires them to be Falling,
on the forehead of a Time,
full of the sweat of Forgetfulness,
what wash the Waters of Life,
in which it swims,
the Death.

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30. Muttered phrase

The thorns of stems of Words,
rises emaciated,
over the Meanings of some Feelings,
for to sting as well as possible,
the Hope.

The hysterical and sharp blades, of the lips,
syllabize a muttered phrase,
of Water of the Life, which boils,
in the Blood, full of venom,
of the unforgiving Time.

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31. The carriage, rattletrap

The Stars of the Dreams,
they began to ignite one by one,
on the vault of the serene Sky of the Stranger,
Subconscious,
which swims through the Eternity of the Universe,
from the Eyes of the Profoundness,
through which we see the Absurd of Creation,
which has left the Illusions of Life,
to they put us the Glasses of horses,
whose Harnesses,
substituted in Laws and Morals,
barely, they can pull,
the carriage, rattletrap
of the Society of Consumption,
Death.

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32. At the Existence house

Why the Universe,
has not shoed the hooves of the Time ?,
which runs limping,
in the carriages of the Light Years,
among the Galaxies,
what barely they can stand,
on the feet of clay, of the Luck
which has no longer met a Horseshoe,
since when, the Eternity,
was a virgin girl at the Existence house,
sold with the windows of the Happiness,
and the locked gates of Destinies,
of the Death.

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33. At the maternity of Being

The cut Grass of the Words,
falls into clumps of Questions,
over the top of the Glances,
sifted by the thick sieve of some Hopes,
what barely awaits to they bake the dough of a Fulfillment,
destined by a Star of the Luck,
whose Zodiac sign,
barely has been caught,
on the river which separates Life from its Illusions,
with the fishing rod of a Happening Un-incidentally
by whose hook, was hung precisely the Creation,
what has bitten the Time,
with its sharp teeth of rapacious fish,
who did not know that this time he swam toward the Death,
on which she has born it,
at the maternity of Being.

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34. Dizzying speeds

The heavy bags carried by Existence,
to the Time,
were full of Eternities,
on which he,
was going to shoe them,
at the soles of the Moments,
for to be full of Luck,
at the wedding of the Future with the Past,
of Light Years,
what traveling with dizzying speeds,
toward the Death,
on which they do not want to lose her,
from the feast of Vanity.

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35. Has grazed, daily

The ditches of the Wrinkles,
from the Flowers of Smiles,
were dug by Existence,
for to hide in their trenches,
when it will be attacked,
by the Destiny dissatisfied,
that he does not deliver, at Death,
enough much fresh meat,
of Moments,
which would have had,
the term of validity expired,
at the last check,
of the Time,
what barely he can live his life,
on the field inherited from Creation,
where has grazed, daily,
the Oldness.

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36. The forceps of the Creation

We have stretched the tablecloths of the Glances,
some, towards, others,
for to serve us the reheated soup of the Past,
as an authentic freshness,
which gives birth to Societies of Consumption,
meat of Cannon of Advertising,
for to the delight of the Questions born without Answers,
whereas the forceps of the Creation,
it was so rusty,
that instead of to take out,
what had to be, from the belly of the Universe,
has extracted,
the Vanity of Illusions of Life.

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37. The Ideology of Eternity

Networks of Passions,
have handcuffed the Churches of Truth,
drowned,
in the alcohol with many degrees,
of the Stars,
off the epaulets stained,
with the Light Years,
of the Universe,
who still believe,
in the ideology of Eternity,
for which Creation and Destiny,
would be the two pillars,
on which it leans,
the Death,
of the Time and Space.

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38. Ineffable

It was so cold,
in the Moment destined to the Birth,
that we had to, ignite,
the Sacred Fire of Divinity,
in each of us,
trying to we warm us up,
the Churches of the Souls,
in the altars of which,
prays continuously,
for the Peace from ourselves,
the Stranger, Subconscious,
who believes,
that it is the most valuable,
gift,
on which we can receive it,
from the Free Will,
of the Destiny,
who has conceived his Illusions of Life,
for to give legitimacy,
to Death.

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39. Our bivalent World

Without Time,
the Existence,
it would not have known the Creation,
of the Knowledge
who has become aware,
the Good and Evil,
the Beautiful and the Ugly,
of the existential Universe
from our bivalent World,
which flows into the cold riverbeds of Memories,
what feed the stained Blood of the Histories,
with so much Death,
that, even the Illusions of Life,
they lie frightened,
through the nooks of Relative Truths,
on which they patronize them,
wondering themselves rhetorically,
why did they conceived,
Free will?

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40. The official version

The loneliness of the rocks,
from which the Existence has carved Souls,
it drowns,
in the boiling Blood of the Sunsets,
from the Hearts which have beaten enigmatically,
when they hear the news,
that the Night of some Nightmares,
of the Consumption Society,
revolves around the Happiness,
stabbed by the Illusions of Life,
because he uncovered another face of Death,
than was foreseen in the official version,
of the Destiny.

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41. To stumble

The deep traces
of Nightmares of the vain Lives,
have shattered the boundlessness of the abysses of an
Universe,
trapped in the debts of some Creations,
of the Falling Stars,
which sinks more and more in themselves,
making gift for themselves, the Memories,
of their own Hopes,
tied by the Feet,
full of corns of the Time,
with the ribbons of the Happiness,
not knowing that so,
they will stumble,
of Death.

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42. The existential showcase

The hatchets of Tears,
shatter the flesh of the Words,
cutting them into slices of Compromises,
on the dirty Stand of some Meanings,
which can not be deleted,
nor with the greasy cloth of Destiny,
well-soaked,
in the detergent of a solitary Time,
which often overlooks,
Past Moments, that pass,
in front of the existential Showcase of the Days,
where, the Relative Truths have crooked from nose,
when they look at how hungry are these ones,
of Death.

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43. To take the lead

Bodies of Fog,
wash the Shadows of the Walls,
which breathes,
through the Awareness of Blood,
of some Flowers of the Smiles,
which swims in the Happiness,
ull of decomposed Genes,
of the Destinies,
what they want to drown us,
the Stranger, Subconscious,
to take the lead of the Feelings,
of some trains passing of Years,
which they will not stop,
than in the station deserted and dark,
of the Death.

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44. Leaving me a note

You ran,
toward the nothingness from me,
leaving me a note,
on which you wrote,
that our Destiny,
can not be cut and halved,
for to be sold to the Time,
never.

I believed you,
and we hid us in him,
becoming indebted with only one Death,
to the Happiness,
on which we had to divide it,
splitting it into thousands of rays,
whose Everlastingness enlightens us and today,
the Eternity of a Love.

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45. The Past of the Existence

What can I say,
to the Flowers from the Smiles of the Moment,
that they have the petals of the Dreams so colorful,
that they painted to me, even and the Horizon,
in Clocks of Days,
whose tongues,
have scolded the Past of the Existence,
forcing him to think,
at the Future of Happiness,
which no longer descends from the wagon of
Consciousness,
even if her train,
has passed long before than all the Times,
together.

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**46. They can not reconcile themselves with the
Thought**

Shelves of Happenings,
sit in chronological order,
on the Eyes ringed,
of so many Dreams,
passed by the first youthfulness,
of the Destiny.

The hostile glances,
what, they can not reconcile themselves,
with the Thought,
which has courted them,
peeling whole bags of Moments,
on at the windows of some Loves,
without Sentimental antecedents,
attributed to the Subconscious Stranger.

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47. Has not yet learned

The teeth of the Horizon,
they bite satisfied,
from the misty flesh of the Dawn,
what they will bring thunder and lightning, soon
with Eternities of Moments,
over the Day,
which barely it illuminates at the Mind,
and try,
to repair the mistakes made, to the Night,
from ourselves,
for the reason,
that it was too small,
and has not yet learned,
the course of things,
through the Life,
created,
for Death.

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48. They cook without stopping

To believe,
becomes a verb in flesh and bone,
only when you have stepped,
for the first time,
in the Cathedral of the Subconscious Stranger,
from your Heart,
whose Soul,
to you it flows through the Blood of Destiny,
whose Genes of Absolute Truth,
have been stolen from you,
because the Creation,
has given you since birth,
the Glasses of Horse, of the Consciousness,
kneaded,
leavened and baked,
in the oven of Illusions of Life,
who cook without stopping,
for Death.

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49. Engines with internal combustion

Peripheries torched by Phrases,
they roll,
over the spindle of the Wisdom,
trying to weaves new Intrigues,
through the rusty pieces of Theater,
placed on the Masks,
of engines with internal combustion,
of Consumption Societies,
which have towed, ceaseless the Death
for to be delivered without delay,
to the Destinies,
so busy with her cutting into equal parts,
which to they reach each,
without any delay,
that they invented,
the Hopes of the luxury funeral cars,
of the Thoughts.

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50. Without consuming them the Vanity

I ran on the ice,
of your Smile,
until it broke,
and I fell,
stabbed in the Ocean of Tears,
which has drowned us the Happiness,
next to the shore washed by the Vices,
of the Darkness,
which has descended,
over the rusty wedding rings of the Time,
who gave us the Eternity of its Moment,
in which we could no longer live,
because we hoped,
that the Death will forgive us,
by the mistakes of Original Sins, Obligatory,
which did not belong to our Dreams,
given by the Illusions of Life,
but were passed to us,
in the accounts of the Souls,
without ever consuming them,
the Vanity.

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51. To we knead it

How many times,
we would not have wanted,
to we trample us, the Dust of Incarnation,
to we mix her with all the Tears,
which we shed them,
of the petrified Smiles of the disillusions,
and to knead it,
until when the mud of her Words,
will become a thin paste from which we will make,
the clay off the potter's table of the Joy,
on which to we rotate it around the Sun,
once with the Divine Light,
until when the pot of the Fulfilled Dreams is born,
on which we will always fill it, with Happiness,
being careful to we no longer shed her, never,
over the sad and gloomy Horizon,
of Illusions of Life.

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52. Are given only to this World

How strange it must have been the Creation,
before of Eternity,
once it asked her for
to be divided between Time and Eternity,
for to be able to create the Divine Knowledge,
of the Great Universal Contemplation,
what gave birth,
to all astral levels,
of the Parallel Universes,
being both in us,
as well as outside of our Dreams,
without knowing,
the Pains of Genesis,
which are given only to this World,
whose Illusions we try to understand them,
through Death.

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53. The Tailor of Destiny

White wings,
of the Clouds frozen in the Dream of Life,
they fall flaked
over the false measures taken to some Moments,
by the Tailor of Destiny,
what he wants to make them,
coats thick,
of original Sins, at fashion ,
as comfortable and lasting as possible,
for to be worn,
at the Feast of Existence,
to which it flows,
the cold Blood of Cemeteries,
through the Veins of Death.

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54. Love Story

Flowers of ice,
they wither on the cheeks,
of the Love Story,
between the Universe of the Tears,
of the subconscious Stranger, of the Longing,
and the Stars of the passed Moments,
which shine on the dark vault of Memories,
sick and gnawed,
of so much Forgetfulness,
which passes them, the threshold of the Eyes,
every Day,
when the Time,
gives alms to the Future.

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55. The Destinies of Being

Verbs wilted,
what they can no longer put anything,
in the Action of the play, of Theater of the Life,
they stand round-shouldered on the veranda of Death,
telling how many Dreams,
they made,
in the passing between Time and the Eternity,
being worked so much,
that it has banished its Moments,
in the Destinies of Being,
for to be wasted after her own pleasure,
at the Wheel of Fortune,
which does not spin anymore,
some time ago than the Times,
after none of the Days,
of the Absolute Truth.

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56. Downgrading

Rivers of, Truth,
are flowing into the Domestic Waters of Life,
so dirtied, by Illusions,
that even and the butchers of the Words,
are astonished by the pestilential muteness,
which sat down, snowing,
over the frozen Glances,
of the Death,
from the Society of Consumption, of Empty Words,
on, at, the corners knotted, by mental illness,
of the alleys full of Remorses,
dug by the Wrinkles of the Destinies,
for to be ornate,
with the Labors of Sisyphus of the carnal pleasures,
always prepared to cope,
to new challenges,
of the perpetuation of Species,
downgraded, of the Being.

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57. We gave

The vortices of the Swamps of Feelings,
they detach from the dust of the Incarnation,
for to lose themselves on Self,
in the charmed Air,
of the Consciences,
which has sifted his Eternities of Moments,
in the endlessness of Death,
which accepted the advances,
of an ephemeral Smile,
whose Flower,
I placed it at the tomb of the Memory,
on which I have invited her somewhere sometime,
at the romantic dance of the Shore,
which has charmed us,
with the waves of the kisses of Existence,
to whom we gave the Breathing,
of the Eternity from us.

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58. We burn, at the same time

I trampled, my own Steps
for the Horizon of the Glances,
which has grinding his Destiny,
at the mill of Happinesses,
on which we then drank it together,
up to the last drop,
of bitter rain of fire,
which burned us the Eternity of Moment,
torching it,
for to illuminate us the Path toward Absolute,
without we knowing,
that we burn us at the same time,
the Time,
what, has forsaken us,
forever,
as to find out after that,
that it was only ours.

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59. Churches and Prayers

Phantasms, of, Days,
they float on the wings,
debased from the parental rights,
of the Beatitudes,
crushed in the Dust of Incarnations,
for to be mixed with the clay,
from which Time will knead,
the cups of some Love Stories,
filled up to refusal,
with the Dreams of Heaven of the subconscious Stranger,
from the Tear of the Creation,
in which it still swims and today,
the Death,
which has not recognized, neither now,
the Purpose,
for which it was given,
as a Bride,
to the Original Sin,
on which we have never satisfied it,
no matter how many Churches and Prayers,
we have worshiped them to him,
Loving us.

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60. The Time, thief

It was so great frost,
on the lips of the knotted Dreams,
that I tried to untie them,
the Meanings,
with the teeth of the Free Will,
stolen from the full bag, of the Illusions,
to which,
I never found out,
the personal numerical code of Vanity,
to be able to we use him,
as a trap,
for, the Time, thief,
what is trying to steal us the Eternity,
from Death.

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**61. We have incarnated us the Existence of the
Knowledge**

The thorns of the Wilderness,
from the Blood of Meeting with Creation,
they have stung us the Future so hard,
that and today, it wears,
the crown with thorns,
of the Savior from each of us,
as and an antidote,
for the forgiveness of the Original Sins,
through which the Illusions of Life,
they gave us the Death,
back,
because otherwise,
we would not have survived,
to the Absurd full of Sufferings,
from the World of Vanity,
from whose mud,
we have incarnated us,
the Existence,
of the Knowledge.

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62. We have been sold to the Idea of, Death

Forsaken by the spells of Creation,
we made us the Plasticine of the Conscience,
on which we model it,
after our image and likeness,
making Him every day on the God,
on which, we rediscover him,
in every Eternity of Moment,
which makes us understand,
how divine we are,
in front of the Absolute Truth,
what is forbidden to us,
by the Illusions of Life,
due to the Original Sins,
for which we have been sold,
to the Idea of Death,
which in Reality,
does not exist.

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63. In my own Immortality

I clothed myself in the mantle of Life,
to create my Dreams of the Eternity,
which to keep warm,
to the Love,
over which it snows,
with the flakes of the Profoundness,
which, lay down the Snow of Poetry,
from which I am built,
for to always sculpt,
the Words of the Hot Ice,
of the Feelings,
on which have skated my Hopes,
that I will clothe,
finally,
the cloak of Souls,
whose Eternities,
I will meet them again,
in my own,
Immortality.

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64. The Conscience of the Illusions of Life

How much we need,
by the Windmills,
which we will wrap them,
around the Forehead,
of the Primordial Word,
fallen into the disgrace of Conscience,
of Illusions of Life,
what no longer has confidence,
in no Eternity of Moment,
broken from the body of Being and Becoming,
of the Absolute Truth,
at whose soles,
the Death washes,
the Eternity.

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65. The ferocious bullet of the Illusions

Soul Hunters,
are in war with the Bodies of Consciences,
to whom it owes them,
the loss of the Hunting of the Eternities of Moments,
in which they would like to can exists them,
the Being,
of the ferocious bullet of the Illusions,
who hunts the Absolute Truth,
at watch of Fate,
when, apart from Love,
is so much frost,
that, the flesh of Dreams has cracked,
by the wild cold,
of beast, with the bloody muzzle,
who still tear,
the Sunset.

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66. The Remembering

Round of applause,
on the Stage of Life,
whose planks of Years,
they rotted and were broke in some places,
leaving the steps of the Hopes,
to sneak,
among the gaps of Forgetfulness,
often, trampling,
through Despair,
until when,
the whole,
Scene of Death,
will remain without a whisper,
on the red carpet of a Love,
what today does no longer exist,
neither in the Memory,
of a solstice of the Words,

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when the whole World knows,
that the Heaven of the Tears brightens
under which Nobody, will no longer sleep,
on the wrinkled face of Pain,
of the Remembering,
through the Cemeteries of the crashed Dreams,
at the Feet of some Candles,
of lost Hearts.

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67. The Uselessness for which we were created

The galactic thrill of the Stars,
whose Consciences,
awakes,
even and the Births from the Hot Ice,
of the Pains,
what have snowed over the Illusions of Existence,
which barely awaits them,
with the cloak of Death,
at the entrance on the Scene desolated by empty
of the Life,
passed in the Being of the Primordial Word,
as a housekeeper,
good at all the stupidities of Relativity,
from the lost Senses,
of the Great Universal Contemplation,
to which we never understood,
the Uselessness,
for which we were created,
so indebted,
to the Original Sin,
Compulsory.

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68. When we create God

The waterfalls of Phrases,
they fall in the insensibility,
of some Absurd Thoughts,
what would hunt the whole audience,
of the Baskets of Meanings,
with the abundance of Commas,
which always leaves room,
to the Question marks,
uncomfortable,
on which we all want them,
but without we ever using them,
then,
When we create God
after the image and likeness,
Our.

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69. From which are built for us, the Coffins

Star Chains,
they bind us, the Future,
guessed in the cards of the Past,
by the Porch of Death,
whose supporting pillars,
Her Life and Illusions,
are read by the thick Bibles,
of the Tombs,
what they flow,
through the Blood of Existence,
who rejoices and hopes,
to the most flourishing Cemeteries,
of the Eternity,
of each Gene,
of the body,
God's,
from which are built for us,
the Coffins.

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70. Increasingly fallen

Walls of Dreams,
they guard us the Destinies,
closed,
in the citadels of Meanings,
of the Original Sins,
or of the Stellar Salvations,
which no Word has succeeded,
to ever conquers them,
but who they read us,
every Day,
the Future emaciated by body,
of the Conscience,
increasingly fallen,
in its own mud,
of the Dust,
in which was incarnated to him,
the Death.

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71. Cut of all around

So lonely,
we were Born,
in the graces of the Word,
cut of all around,
of the foreskin of the Bible,
that we had to,
to we die first,
for to believe,
and not to investigate us the Conscience,
of the forsaken Steps,
by the own Destiny,
at the edge of Existence,
where the only rescue consists in the Death,
which will give us the Eternity of beyond,
what was stolen from us,
from this Life,
by the Original Sins,

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on which, whenever,
we ask them, disconcerted,
Why?
they answer us,
the Sacred Fires of the Absolute Truth,
which removes the existential Torture,
of the Expectations,
leaving us, to we Hope,
to Death.

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72. The Future of Profoundness

Alone with Death from me,
I want to understand,
the Future of Profoundness,
of the Eternity
which tied us the Destiny,
wanting to transform us,
in nets to catch depressed Consciences,
on the Mountain of Hopes,
what do they have to climb him,
the Questions,
of the dry Blood,
of so many Passions,
put for to be dried,
on the rope of Death,
of, which were hanged,
so many,
Days,
of the Vanity.

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73. In every Spring

Snowballs, of Days,
rolled over,
in the cold Snow of the Glances,
for to build us the Snowmen,
in which to we believe,
making for them Icons of Absolute Truth,
for which we will have to become,
specialists in the art of Melting,
the Conscience,
in every Spring,
when the Death of Memories,
will bloom the wax buds,
of the Candles,
which, they will burn without the Souls,
of our Sacred Fire,
of the Love.

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74. In the vase of Soul

I gave to the Eternity,
a Flower from the Smile,
of the Stranger, subconscious,
from me,
on which to put her in the vase of Soul,
on which the Death gave it to me,
before I was born,
my Destiny being engraved,
with the steps of your Heart,
in the Traces of which I will lose myself,
forever,
flowering,
to be able to give myself,
someone - sometime,
to a Window,
from the eyes of the Boundlessness,
to another Love.

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75. The Maidan of Questions of the Blood

How hard,
I understand,
that Death,
it can not play itself,
with the Moments of Eternity from us,
running them on the Maidan,
of Questions of the Blood,
which never,
has not, Nothing, to say,
to the Conscience,
which followed us,
silent and obedient,
at the edge, of Life,
choking us with its bitter taste,
from the message,
of the Churches of Glances,
on which we have built them together,

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praying us,
to Eternity,
to receive us,
in her kingdom,
wanting we,
to confront,
the whole Afterlife,
for to we remain inseparable,
of Death.

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76. The passionate Destiny

All the Times of the Thoughts,
prefer to run in exile,
than to remain indebted,
to the Fair of Dreams,
who demands them the payment on the spot,
of the lost Moments,
by the passionate Destiny,
of Gambling,
where he always loses,
together with Love,
the doubtful Hope,
of the Illusions,
on which the Life put them,
to avoid the Absolute Truth,
of the Death.

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77. Daily schedule

Which Time of the Times,
still wears the fashionable clothes,
of the Existence,
which was thrown,
in the knees gnawed of Uncertainties,
from front of the train of Moments,
rusted and wronged by Fate,
of the Time,
who killed the Purpose,
cutting it out of the Eternity of Universe,
for to stick it on the killer panel,
of the Evolution of the World,
from where every Illusion of Life,
can find out the Daily schedule,
of its way to,
Death.

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